

## Alone In The Dark (with you, oh shit) by EvieSmallwood

**Series:** [the tales of short stack and string bean](#) [5]

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Somehow, forgot him, he has the FLU okay, i know i hate me too, minus will because i, movie night with our faves, the stringbean has been DROPPED

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven, Lucas Sinclair, Max Mayfield, Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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**Summary:**

Movie night at the Wheeler's takes a 90 degree turn.

## Alone In The Dark (with you, oh shit)

### Author's Note:

It's major megafluff time!

"Dustin, did you seriously eat *all* the popcorn?!"

This inquiry is met with a disbelieving scoff. "You think *I* ate it? Why don't you ask your boyfriend?"

Max turns to glower at Lucas, shaking the bowl—which is basically empty aside from a few unpopped kernels. "Well?"

"What does it matter?" he asks; a dead giveaway for him. "We can just go make more."

At this, the hand which El has been holding for the last hour (fingers intertwined, hers a little stiff), squeezes. El tries to hide her sharp intake of surprise.

*You're not asleep?*

The corner of his mouth turns upward ever-so-slightly. *I was. Not anymore. Blame those loud dipshits.*

He's still pretending, and the others are still arguing—that is, until Max stomps up the stairs with a guilty Lucas at her heels.

"Hey, wait!" Dustin rises like a rocket from his place on the ground. "I want to make myself a sandwich!"

He stops on a middle step and swivels around. "Want anything, El?"

She shakes her head, trying to look casual; with her head resting against the back of the couch, and her legs folded underneath her, she thinks it does the trick. He shrugs and ascends the rest of the way, practically slamming the basement door behind him.

Then Mike is moving so quickly she barely has time to think. He pulls her close and adjusts so that they're laying on the couch instead of

sitting, all the while pressing hurried kisses to her cheeks and lips.

“I swear to god I thought they’d *never* leave.”

El is still breathless and giddy. She can’t help but laugh when his focus slips to the most ticklish part of her neck. Her fingers slip into his soft curls. Every little part of him makes up her home.

Mike pulls away, looking down at her. There’s something about his eyes, which are so black in the darkness of the basement. He seems to be soaking her up, memorising her.

El tilts her head a little, frowning. “What?”

Mike shakes his head. “Nothing,” he says. “I just wanted to look at you.”

She can’t help but grin. El traces the prominent bones of his face with a finger, careful to brush over every freckle she can. His nose wrinkles a little when she touches it even though he’s totally grinning.

His lips meet hers, which has happened maybe a thousand times before, but something about this time (she thinks she’ll always remember this moment, in the gloom of the first warm place she’d slept, with the glow of the paused TV and the racing of her heart)—it makes her feel like she’s melting right into the cushions.

Like she can’t breathe, or think straight. Like all she wants is him.

They’re moving, a little; trying to adjust on the couch. She tugs at the hem of his sweater. Then her hands are under it and running up and down his spine. It makes him shiver (she grins when he does that, because it’s so cute. She loves the little moan he tries to bite back). But they keep kissing, keep touching.

She can’t concentrate on *him* because he’s too focused on her. Her own shirt is riding up—an old, floral thermal she’s had for maybe two years now that’s frayed at the edges. The threads tickle. It’s so hard not to laugh.

His fingers touch her skin and she gasps. Mostly because they’re cold,

but also...

*Also.*

Mike is kissing her neck, again. She doesn't even know if he knows what he's doing, but she's not exactly about to tell him to stop. All she can think about is how his hand is around her ribcage. Is she on fire? She feels *so* warm.

A hickey. He's giving her a hickey. On her collarbone. It's all so much, she might actually blow up. He's *holding* her, hand moving to her back to lift her off the couch slightly, capturing her mouth with his own, all feverish and desperate, fingers raking through her curls)

She's just lifted the sweater over his head (*what am I doing who cares wow this is great*), leaving him in a thin white shirt, when the lights flick on.

"Oh my god."

Max's voice is enough to rip anyone out of a reverie. El jerks away from Mike's lips, eyes wide.

They're all standing at the base of the stairs looking like someone slapped them, with Max in the forefront. Her mouth is completely agape.

"You were about to have sex on the couch."

"Were not," is El's automatic response, even though it sort of does look that way; her legs are *around* his waist, after all. *Oh god.* "We were just—"

"You were about to have sex on the couch," Max says again, no questions.

She's exaggerating and they all know it, but El feels her face heat up. She looks to Mike, who doesn't even seem embarrassed. He just rolls his eyes.

"Relax, guys," Max says after a minute, setting the popcorn bowl down and doing her best to act nonchalant (though something in her

tone tells El they're so gonna be having a conversation later). "It's not like it's anything we haven't seen before."

"Nah, I'm totally disgusted," Lucas says.

"Same here," Dustin pipes up.

"Can it, Henderson."

"Why just me?! Lucas said it first!"

"Well, there goes the mood," Mike says, mostly to El but sort of to everyone. "Can you hand me my sweater, shortstack?"

El grins, god he's so *stupid* (perfect; stupidly perfect), and grabs it for him.

Mike slips it back over his head with absolutely no trace of embarrassment, other than the slight flush to his cheeks.

"Alright, can we get back to the movie, now?" Dustin slams his coke down and grabs the remote. "Someone get the lights."

El twitches her head faster than anyone can blink. Once again they're bathed in darkness. The movie starts up and El feels the warmth fade from her cheeks.

She readjusts so that she's leaning against Mike's chest, with his legs (long and gangly) on either side of her.

El tucks her head underneath his chin while she plays with his fingers.

*Stringbean.*

*Shh, watch the movie, it's a pivotal part.*

*I can't believe you got us caught. That's so embarrassing.*

*You're cute.*

*How come you're not?*

*Not what? Cute?*

*No, embarrassed, dummy.*

*Oh. I didn't tell you?*

*Tell me what?!*

*I totally caught Lucas and Max making out against the dryer the other day.*

*What?!*

Something like laughter jostles her a little bit. Mike's arms pull her just the slightest bit closer.

El glances at Max, who looks innocent enough, sitting on Lucas's right side and shoveling popcorn into her mouth.

They're *definitely* having a chat later.

#### **Author's Note:**

For reference, they're about 16 here. And they DID NOT go to second base. I'm not about to tell you that two sixteen year olds who've been dating for like three and a half years haven't done that at this point, but I just don't feel comfortable writing it so! he got as far as the ribcage lmao!

THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH BY THE WAY! The feedback to this series has been so incredible and I think I said that last time but I'm still just dying. I love you all, you beautiful beans (of the most stringy variety).

Also btw that's the stupidest summary I've ever written but I can't stop laughing at it. It's so literal. Someone kill me.